

Arcades and Ice Cream by Janaynay

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Summary:

Lucas and Max on a date at the arcade, post season 2.

Arcades and Ice Cream

Author's Note:

- For [arcadesintheighbourhood](#).

This is my first time writing Lumax so I hope its not too OOC. I wrote it for my friend Grace because she loves Lumax so much and she's the best!

"Yes!" Max cheered, turning away from Dig Dug, her face triumphant and her arms raised in the air.

She had just beaten her best ever score, and was at the top of the leader board once again. Still full of elation, she bopped along to the game's music, pointing what were supposed to be mocking fingers in her boyfriend's face.

But Lucas didn't seem to notice or care, and hadn't moved from his position beside her, his chin resting in his palm, a dopey grin on his face. It was her fault, he decided, that he was so distracted. She had worn her yellow sweater today, his favorite, and her eyes were bright and shining with confidence. And now the sweetest flush was taking over her cheeks and down her neck, and her lips, her lips were moving, they were *oh shit she was talking to him and he was spaced out like a dork, right?*

"Take a picture Stalker, it will last longer," Max quipped, a smile tugging at her lips. "Hello, earth to Lucas."

"Sorry," Lucas mumbled, still a bit dazed. "You're just cute when you're excited."

"You mean, I'm just cute when I'm kicking your ass!" Max teased, bumping her shoulder into his.

Her teasing snapped him out of his trance. "Kicking my ass?"

"Mhmm."

Lucas' eyes moved up to the screen and saw MADMAX flashing across

the top of the leader board. *Damn it.* He swallowed with determination. "Okay Mayfield, it's on. Step aside. The real ass kicking is about to begin."

Lucas took his place at the machine, stretched his neck from side to side, slapped his cheeks and then popped the quarters into the machine.

Max rolled her eyes. "All the warm ups in the world aren't going to help you here, Sinclair. This is my house."

"We'll see about that," huffed Lucas, flexing his fingers against the game top before tightly grasping the orange joystick.

The game began and a determined look came across Lucas' face; his jaw was set, his feet firmly planted, his eyes unmoving. Since he had started dating Max, he had put in more hours on Dig Dug than any other game at the arcade, determined to keep up with his girlfriend (making Dustin sweat as he enclosed on his friend's score was an added bonus). The time he had put in had been worth it, and Max was impressed by how much he had improved.

Max watch him as he played, noting how cute it was that he was so serious about it. He could tell this was something that interested her, and so he took a greater interest in it himself. That was so like Lucas – he was so considerate, and more perceptive than most guys his age, and a really good listener. *He's also really cute*, Max mused, smirking at the way he unconsciously stuck out his tongue slightly in concentration.

Her eyes traveled down his face to his jaw, tense above his collared shirt. She shook her head slightly – of course Lucas wore a collared shirt and a nice jacket for their date at the arcade. She thought of her own outfit, jeans and her faded yellow sweatshirt, and had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing. To outside eyes they must have looked like quite a pair – for a variety of reasons – but she really didn't care. She loved that Lucas didn't seem to care either.

The intensity of the game music picked up, drawing her attention back to the screen, where she watched Lucas expertly maneuver through a difficult section. It was always hard to watch someone else

play - she never knew what to do with her hands - so she absentmindedly started fidgeting with her hair, twisting it into a thick rope in front of her left shoulder.

Her eyes moved up to the top of the screen...*oh shit, was that his score already?* That won't do. That won't do at all. Max stopped playing with her hair and tossed it to her back, then changed her position to stand behind Lucas.

This wasn't fair, maybe, but it was fun.

Slowly, as to not startle him too badly, she slipped her arms around his waist. Lucas inhaled sharply in surprise. "Max," he complained.

"What?" she asked innocently. Her breath on the back of his neck made him jerk abruptly.

"Hey! I'm onto you! You're trying to dis-" he flinched again as she squeezed him gently, "d-distract me. It won't work."

"Is that a challenge?" she asked, before leaning in close and pointedly blowing on the back of his neck. It was kind of fun, she thought, watching goosebumps emerge all over his neck.

Lucas yelped. "Max! Not cool! Stop it!"

"WWWhat?" she teased, expelling as much air onto his neck as she could with each word. "You wwwant me to stop?"

"Nononononono," Lucas yelled at the game, as he was about to lose. "No! Aw, *sh-*"

Suddenly Lucas threw his head back, connecting with Max's forehead with a smack. "SHIT!" they yelled simultaneously, each cradling their heads in their hands.

"Lucas!" Max snapped. "What the hell?"

"Sorry, are you okay?" he asked, turning to look at her. "I had just lost, and I couldn't think, and I didn't realize you were that close to me." He touched her forehead, rubbing the red spot between her eyes with his thumb, before frowning at her. "You shouldn't have been

doing that anyway. I lost because of you, and now you're hurt."

"Sorry," she mumbled, struck by how his first instinct was to apologize and make sure she was okay, even though he was mad. She still wasn't used to that, and it made her feel like a jerk sometimes. "I was just trying to be funny."

They looked at each other, both still holding their heads when suddenly Max grabbed Lucas by the sleeve.

"Lucas! Lucas! LOOK! You beat him! You beat Dustin's score!"

Lucas whipped his head around to look at the game. There it was, MADMAX at the top, with LUCAS flashing underneath.

"I-I did it!" Lucas gasped. "I DID IT!"

He picked Max up by the waist and spun around, whooping all the while. Once he put her down she shook him by the shoulders, laughing. "I knew you could do it!"

He beamed at her, and that's when she knew she was forgiven. But just to be sure she had a peace offering. "Come on, Stalker, lets get ice cream to celebrate. My treat."

This was a good way to end the day – hands clasped together, walking slowly down the sidewalk, licking ice cream cones, enjoying the cold treat and the company.

"So, are you gonna tell Dustin about your score?"

"Nah, I think I'll just let him figure it out when he goes to the arcade tomorrow. He's gonna lose his shit," Lucas laughed. He took another lick of his ice cream, and this time Max was the one to laugh.

"Whaw?" he asked, his mouth full.

"You just...you look so pretty with that nice pink ice cream in your hand," Max laughed. "Are you gonna share the rest with Erica when

you get home?”

“HEY!” Lucas stopped in his tracks, shocked by her mocking. “It’s not my fault that strawberry ice cream is the best ice cream, and that it just happens to be pink, okay?”

“Not just pink, but like, pale pink. Like, little baby pink,” Max giggled, tugging his arm in an attempt to get him walking again. Lucas reluctantly let himself be pulled along, then straightened his shoulders and confidently licked his ice cream cone again.

“My ice cream may be pink,” he crowed, “but at least it didn’t give me a dark brown mustache.”

It was Max’s turn to stop dead in her tracks, nearly dropping her chocolate ice cream. She let go of Lucas’ hand, gasping and slapping a hand over her mouth.

“Are you serious?” she asked, horrified, her voice muffled by her hand.

Lucas laughed, and Max scrubbed her fingers over her mouth hurriedly. She smacked him in the arm. “You could’ve told me sooner!”

Lucas rubbed his arm where she had hit him and said, “It wasn’t that bad, and besides, it was kind of cute.”

“It was NOT cute,” Max protested, her hand hovering over her lip. “Did I get it all? Is it gone?”

Lucas looked intently at her face, moving to stand directly in front of her. His eyes sparkled with amusement as he looked at her worried gaze.

“You have some – no, let me get it – right...here,” he said, slowly moving his thumb across her top lip before cupping her cheek and pressing his lips on hers in a sweet kiss.

“There, that’s better,” he said after he had pulled away, before his smooth facade wore off and he ducked his head with sudden shyness. Max’s own cheeks were aflame and she stared at her sneakers before

reaching for his hand and resuming their walk home.

A block later, Lucas broke the comfortable silence surrounding them. “You’re awfully quiet, Mad Max. I thought I’d be getting ripped the whole way home, since you still have the high score on Dig Dug. Cat got your tongue?”

He glanced over at her to see her cheeks were still flushed, and she smiled, glancing towards the street before looking his way. Her blue eyes shone at him, but not in the teasing way they had earlier. She looked at him with a different emotion, one he couldn’t quite place but it made his heart skip a beat nonetheless.

Max looked at Lucas and opened her mouth to retort back, but found she couldn’t. This boy, who was the perfect combination of teasing and sweet, who wore collared shirts to the arcade and looked at her in her faded sweatshirt like she was the sun, *this* boy chose to hold her hand and kiss her lips and listen to her whether she spilled secrets or talked smack. She didn’t get why he did, but she felt so thankful. Thankful, and suddenly shy, like if she said the wrong thing she’d wake up from what she was sure was a dream.

So Max swallowed the lump that was inexplicably in her throat and tore her eyes away from Lucas’ before they gave away too much.

“Shut up, Stalker,” she supplied lamely in response, a smile in her voice as he squeezed her hand tighter. She leaned her head on his shoulder and he smiled as they slowed their pace.

They were in no rush to get home.

Author's Note:

I live for your comments.